

[1]

>Own a 1930 Model A Ford.
>Driving down a lonesome road in North Carolina (Where I live).
>See a car broke on the side of the road.
>Pull off to the side of the road and honk, "Aooooga!"
>Step out, wearing slacks and a white button up with a fedora.
>Yell "Having troubles, fellas?".
>Two tight pantsed panzies step out of the car, shivering even though it's only in the 60's.
>Girly boy or not, people are people.
>The two men, or uh, boys look at me like I am a ghost.
>I go over to the open hood and one of the guys starts telling me about how hard it was to open the hood.
>"Oh, I am sure."
>Turns out the boys had a bad starter.
>They had pulled off and stopped to piss, chickened out in the woods and couldn't get her started.
>While looking in the trunk (A literal trunk on the back of the car) for a rod to tap the starter I decide to have a little fun.
>"You fellas ain't from 'round here is ya?"
>"No... Nope. Washington, DC."
>This is too perfect.
>"You ever see Hoover out in the yard?" I asked excitedly.
>"What... Uh, no."
>"Oh, alrighty. What kind of vehicle is this?"
>"A mitsubishi."
>I stare at them, as though I am completely dumbfounded.
>Finally I get the boys rolling again and tell them goodnight and not to accept any wooden nickels.
>They tear off.

[2]

Never had a anything paranormal happen to me, but I sure did make some people think it did to them.

- >last summer
- >late at night
- >walked my lady friend to her car
- >i'm a paranoid person so I waited her to come home and text me she's there so I don't worry
- >I climb into a small olive tree in front of my house
- >suddenly some car drives in front of the neighbour's house
- >it was neighbours' son with some of his mates
- >I wouldn't pay attention usually, but they were listening music very loudly and one of them even got out of the car and was jumping around
- >I started leaning and looking at them
- >after some time I noticed I was pretty visible and if they looked at me they would see me
- >before I pulled back one of them turned
- >I froze
- >he turned the music down and pointed at me
- >they all looked towards me
- >I realised they can't see my face or anything since street lamp was behind me
- >not knowing what to do I just put my hands up, something like a t-rex
- >suddenly their looks turned from curious to terified
- >idiots jumped into car and drove away
- >I laughed and went after geting the text went home
- >he asked me day later if I or somebody else was doing something on the tree
- >I said that I wasn't even home and that my parents and sister were on a trip
- >ask him why
- >he says "Nothing."

[3]

- >naturally very quiet and light footed
- >always accidentally sneaking up on people and scaring the crap out of them, even when I intentionally try to be loud to alert them of my presence
- >I don't want to say hello to the same person ten times a day, you know?
- >scared all my housemates this way
- >I try not to, but it always happens
- >love to go innawoods
- >always try to stalk and sneak up on animals,especially deer because screw deer
- >yes, have successfully stalked a group of deer in the local state park
- >go to a state park in PA
- >milling around just offtrail
- >hear something, stop and listen
- >see a dog
- >watch
- >owner appears
- >they're on the trail checking out the lake
- >I mind my own business, continue looking for critters in the area
- >they stop near the lake
- >would be awkward if I spoke now, just remain quiet
- >poking a mushroom patch, trying to find spiders or frogs around it
- >minute later, dog notices me. Just turns his head and sees me, looks, turns back to owner and is chill
- >guy isn't leaving, is checking out a spot probably for fishing later
- >been about three minutes now
- >I'm done with this area, decide to leave
- >emerge from brush
- >need to walk by him to return to the trail
- >about three feet away
- >he finally hears and turns around, jumps about five feet
- >dog didn't make a single noise
- >say hello and continue walking
- >guy collecting his bricks from out of his pants

[4]

- >2010
- >Live in the worst part of a mostly-abandoned manufacturing town
- >House immediately across the street is vacant
- >One night the front door is open
- >I and all my roommates save one want to explore
- >That one is insistent that it's haunted
- >We convince him to go
- >The place is beyond dilapidated. Cobwebs everywhere like in a haunted house; wood peeling and falling off
- >No light inside except for one flashlight
- >Haunted guy is terrified
- >We find a glass ornament, the kind of thing that housewives would collect in the 50s
- >It's dusty but unbroken. Someone takes it
- >Haunted guy insists we put it back. We try to convince him otherwise but he's not having any of it
- >Guy who picked it up sets it back down. However, I take it again when haunted guy isn't looking and hide it in my pocket
- >Find a staircase that's shattered. Shine the flashlight down, hear movement. Big movement, not like a raccoon
- > Everyone runs out of the house
- >I still have the ornament
- >House door stays open all night
- >In the morning, door is closed
- >About a week later, I hang the ornament from the ceiling right outside haunted guy's bedroom door before he wakes up
- >You can hear the scream from outside

[5]

My stories are pretty uninteresting, but I do remember hearing something funny from my relatives.

My cousin once told me when I went to stay with him for a month that his room did something creepy, when the channel would come on to static at 2 a.m. or so out of nowhere. He swore to me that this was true, and I didn't believe him, but turns out that later my aunt told me she did that on purpose with the remote all the time just to scare him.

[6]

The Witch's Chair is a good local legend around where I'm from. The whole legend goes that there is a chair is this cast-iron chair in a local church graveyard that's about 100 years old and if you sit in the chair at midnight, the hands of a witch will grab on to you and drag you down into the depths of hell.

Sounds pretty corny, right? Well, then you probably wouldn't be surprised to know that this legend is all made up. To be more specific, it was made up by my father in the early 90s as a spooky Halloween story for the local newspaper. The story itself has it's roots in my cousin's school group ramblings about that mysterious chair in the church graveyard back when she was 7.

Since then, there have been at least two teams of "ghost hunters" coming to the chair, many curious locals, and an article in 'Weird Pennsylvania' all about this story that was all purely made up-- hell, even at the end of the original story, my father put a disclaimer that it was fake (my father even told on of the heads of these "ghost hunthing" teams that he created the legend as a spooky halloween story for the newspaper, even providing proof of it, to which the head of the team replied that he-- my dad-- was LYING).

I find it fascinating to know what it's like to be on the other end of a legend-- the end where you know it's all a load of made-up hoaky.

[7]

Not particularly spooky, but I might as well post.

First off, an apology for anyone who was camping in the Brown County State Park in Indiana in mid-September this year.

- >let's go camping, bunch of my college buddies
- >everyone bails, ends up with just me and three friends. Two are my bros, the other is the newly minted girlfriend of one of them
- >get there at like 11 pm because of traffic
- >bro2 and gf are already there, tents set up and everything
- >unpack, hang out, kill time
- >it's like 1AM, they wanna go hike, whatever
- >despite being packed, the campground is basically dead, everyone is asleep or drunk
- >in hindsight of innawoods stuff, this was really dumb, like monumentally dumb
- >hike a solid mile on trail to small lake
- >after a while we decide to head back
- >talking about random crap still
- >out of nowhere bro2 brings up the fact that gf has recently perfected the screech of the Witch King of Angmar
- >think that's odd, but whatever, knock yourself out
- >standing next to her, she lets loose
- >spot on, 10/10 Peter Jackson would record for next LotR
- >had I not been watching her do it, I would have freaked out
- >probably 2AM, no one knows we are out here, woods are silent as a grave and then this demonic scream shatters it
- >so if you were camping that weekend and freaked out and hid in your sleeping bag because of the skinwalker/wendigo/bigfoot screeches, I'm sorry

[8]